Welcome to Brick City: Now Go Home

“Let’s take it back to the concrete streets
Original beats with real live MC’s
Playground tactics, no rabbit-in-the hat tricks
Just that classic rap sh*t from Jurassic…”
Jurassic 5, “Concrete Streets”

“Waddup, dawg.
They tell me y’all wanna know abouts da Bricklife, life in da Bricks. They tell me how ya’ll wanna be down. Lemme let you in on a little secret.
Don’t nobody wanna be down, you dig?
Least of all you.
The cats you see UpTown, livin’ mad cheddar, eatin’ quail eggs and flossin’ wit’ dey high-class wives? They ain’t down. They the most whitebread outta touch mugs y’all will ever meet. No, man, they ain’t down. They’re comfortable. Better yet, they’re safe.
Not like us. We live life in da Bricks.
We the Hood Syndicate- Your only line of defense down here, Ya dig? You ain’t never been to Brick City before, holmes, so lemme break it down for you like this. You lived one way. Front an’ center. All of it was on level, an you had it on lock. Them days are over, holmes. The Brick happen in all directions. To da south, you got da stix, with the UndaBoss and his crew of mad shady Bustas that be schemin’ on the daily. They’d just as soon cut yo’ mamma’s throat as look at ya. And to the north, you got the spitneck Prince Malchurch an his homies, the Urban Guard, who’d just as soon bust a mug up for bein’ a DownTowner as do anythin’. See, everyone on da bricks knows the Urban Guard’ll take one look at you and make a decision based on the color or your skin or the shape of yo’ ears as much as anything else. And you’d think that’d be the last of yo’ prollems when, BANG, ya’ll got the Gargoyles droppin in on ya from skytown, and BOOYAH! The Skeltahs and lord-knows-what comin’ up from UndaTown. You gotta be thinking, always thinking- we’s pressed from all sides. You stay true to your boyz, they all you got. Keep it on the real wit yo’ crew, because they are all that protects you from tha madness outside. And never, ever let them catch you slippin’.”
- Short Dog, Human Thug

Bricklife

Brick City is a name we have given to our home, our world. It's real name is lost to the ages, eradicated with the rest of the municipality. We live in a void left by a bygone society and carve out our living from the massive accomplishment of those who came before. We are rich and poor, young and old, strong and weak, and we are really (despite our myriad conflicts) all bound together by the eternal pulse and life of this city around us. And make no mistake- the city is very much alive.

Our world is entirely created by hands that came before. Our water comes from pipes, not rivers. Our food is grown of farms and municipal parks. Our air is thick with smog and dirty steam. And our world is one of endless streets and overpasses, levels upon levels of buildings and bridges, rooftops and overpasses, catwalks and girders. A child in our world is born, lives, and dies never feeling the solid earth beneath their feet or seeing the sky above. Our explorers claim the city goes on forever, and although this seems impossible, no one can prove otherwise. Still, we do not bemoan our fate. As the city imprisons us, so too does it sustain us. All we could want is here, all around us. Food, water and shelter are not a concern.

We are the people of Glen Orchid District, the largest populated area of Brick City on record. There are other outposts and bastions of civilization, but none so mighty or so civilized as the area we call Glen Orchid. We live at the epicenter of culture, commerce, and religion for Brick City. The sights of Glen Orchid- The Ivory Citadel of Prince Malchurch, the teeming markets of the Canal District, The beautiful homes of Battalion Downs, the seedy streets of B Block- are a panorama of our urban lifestyle. Our world is tough, but it is, as I have stated, our home. We belong here.

And so I welcome you to Brick City, stranger. As it has been stated, we do not get vistors often, and even less who claim to be from "out of town. " I do not wish to pry about your origins, so I don't feel it is necessary to ask. Please make yourself comfortable in the accomadations I have made for you. We will speak soon.

Signed

Justin Mallegry, Captain of the Urban Guard

I arrived in the realm called Brick City about three days ago. I have to say it is amazing, a testament to what civilization can do when unchecked. A simultaneous mixture of the ridiculous and the sublime the likes of which I have never even seen. The locals do not lie. You can peer at the sun, but you're never sure if it is really the sky or just a reflection off of a building somewhere. You look down to the ground and see only a web of buttresses, catwalks, and bridges descending into total blackness. This place really is incomprehensibly vast and yet claustrophobic at the same time. I walked nearly a full day though the eerie empty streets of the outer districts, where I was on guard for

rats, monsters and brigands of all sorts. The buildings there were primarily empty, although I did see a few signs of former habitation and even a few skeletons. On the other hand, these appeared to be unfortunate explorers and murder victims who needed to be disposed of where they would not be discovered rather than the original creators of the Metropolis. The first real sign that I was approaching Glen Orchid was the grafitti on the walls of the corridors and buildings. I knew it had to be a product of Brick City's more recent population, so I continued in that direction.

Sure enough, I soon saw movement, although the sight was startling to me. Up ahead a pair of dwarves and a man who appeared to be made of clockwork were driving a team of also-clockwork horses who towed a barge down a wide canal. I called out to them and they looked at me but did not stop. I approached and asked directions to the Ivory Citadel, to which the clockwork man replied in a tinny voice that I was on the wrong side of town. The dwarves just laughed.

I pressed on further and found my way out of what appeared to be the industrial and shipping districts into a more commercial area, and finally to a market where I noticed a group of men in similar chrome armor- The Urban Guard. I requested a meeting with the local Nobility, which was laughed off. They said that surely one of my "tint" could not have business with Prince Malchurch. I attempted to bribe them with gold, and they looked almost threatening before the group was broken up by Guardsman Justin Mallegry, who's formal introduction is above. Mallegrey explained that Newcomers would be regarded with suspicion at best. He asked what I was doing in town, and I explained that I had come to the realm of Brick City for the purposes of creating a comprehensive report for my superiors. He considered this for a long time, then took me to a large administrative-looking building. I waited here for quite some time before he emerged and said that I would be extended a full welcome. He also suggested that if I wanted the whole story that I contact a one "Pasha Kane who" lived on "B Block." In the heart of the Urban Ghetto.

There but for the grace of the Gods, go I…

UnderTown

"Straight from the sewer,
Straight from the sewer,
Nothing can save you…"
Das EFX, "Straight from the Sewer"

There’s some places in any City where no one should go. In this case, It’s UnderTown. The nightmare sewage realm of the monstrous Khotan, it’s said that those who seek out the Ground floor, so to speak, never find it. It seems they don’t survive to get down that far, although more chilling rumors circulate about the possibility of going down past the ground level into the subterranean depths and never even realizing it. UnderTown is a world unto itself, unexplored by the Citizens- and with good reason. UnderTown is a world of sewers and dungeons, hideously toxic and noxious in the extreme. Any adventurers planning an Excursion into UnderTown had better steel up with powerful magic or some very clever apparatus. It’s hard to fight hordes of Septic Trolls when simultaneously nauseous, claustrophobic, slipping in slime and suffering from vertigo.

Denizens:
Make no mistake, UnderTown is populated- perhaps over-populated. Outside of Nakahs, Septic Trolls, and Sewage Eels, (which can be as long as thirty feet) hundreds, perhaps thousands of hideous mutations and disgusting beasts all occupy the tunnels, dungeons, and pipes under Glen Orchid. These beasts all seem to work together to some degree, at least when it comes to the all-important task of destroying outsiders. On top of this foul chain of filth is the hideous demon called the Khotan. No one seems to know where it comes from or what it is- they simply refer to it as a “Demon.” The Khotan is apparently VERY powerful and very frightening- I received this description from an old drunk who claimed to have seen the thing first hand on the lower levels: “It was over 18 feet tall, with black, leathery skin rife with sores and lesions all over his skeletal body. His great, tattered wings have a wingspan of over 20 feet, and his hooked claws are six inches long. His head is a long oval shape, with sweeping horns from his brow and a cruel, skeletal face. His dark, translucent skin makes him seem to blend into shadows, and his vertebrae are visible in his snaking, barbed tail. I haven’t slept a wink since that night.”
Mothers on both sides of the canal frighten their children with stories of this terror, and it appears that something of a cult has grown in it’s honor in the District of Glen Orchid, which I was faced with on to separate but similar situations. The first time, I was staying uptown in order to discuss some rather bland policies with Officer Mallegrey when another member of the Urban Guard whispered something in his ear. He excused himself and disappeared, but I trailed him. I found a group of the Guard standing around the slain body of one of their own, covering him with a sheet. I listened in and the Guardsman explained that incriminating evidence linking the deceased to a group called the “Followers of Khotan” had been uncovered and that he had been dispatched quietly by paid assassins from the Thugz. This

seemed quite odd. I returned to my room and arranged a meeting with Pasha Kane.

A few nights later I got the opportunity to ask Pasha about the incident, and she explained that the Urban Guard preferred to quietly eliminate their cultists so as to avoid any lack of confidence from the UpTown Citizenry. I asked about the cult again, and she said that I had asked her “just in time.” Before I could ask what for, she took me to a warehouse in the lower levels, deep in the heart of South Central. Seated in the chairs in the center of the room were three Glen Orchid Boyz, two Ruffnex and an Iceman. They were bound in place and clearly unhappy about it. They shook and snarled as Lazlo read them their charges- again, it was affiliation with the Followers of Khotan. When their gags were removed, they spit and cursed, claiming that “The Khotan would rise and return Brick City to the monsters.” They said that the only way to survive this coming cataclysm was to pledge allegiance to the Khotan and to sign a contract in blood. They didn’t get much farther because Lazlo shot all three dead with his ‘Nine. Apparently, this doomsday cult has infected all levels of Glen Orchid Society- if there’s one thing the Glen Orchid Boyz and the Urban Guard could agree on it’s that these insidious cultists have to be destroyed. More sinister rumors- that this cult has begun breeding with or for the Khotan, and that they meet with the Demon on the night of the solstice- are unsubstantiated. Suffice it to say that they are a definite problem.

Directly under the Khotan are his lieutenants, The Nakahs- wicked-looking monstrosities that resemble spiders crossed with human skeletons. Nakahs are also capable of generating sticky webs, which further betrays their Arachnid origins. Cruelly intelligent, they act as spies, assassins, generals and co-ordinators to the monsters of UnderTown. Fortunately, Nakahs are very rare, but if one is spotted somewhere, most likely it was because it was up to something.

Unlike the Nakahs, The Septic Trolls are ubiquitous. Stupid, strong, and unfortunately numerous, the Trolls make up the bulk of UnderTowns’ population. Septic trolls aren’t really trolls at all, but some other beast that resembles a cross between a housefly and an ape. The Septic Trolls lay clutches of 4-10 small eggs in a mound of… well…offal, which hatch, live in, and consume the filth until they burrow out as fully formed Septic Maggots. These resemble nothing so much as writhing three-foot maggots with the arms and hands of a human baby. These disgusting little beasts attain a certain age before they are left in a large enough pool of sewage. From there they metamorphose until they emerge as fully formed Septic Trolls. Popular opinion holds that unlike the Nakahs or the Khotan, the Septic Trolls aren’t inherently evil, just dumb and easy to control. Unfortunately, this makes them the bane of all life in Glen Orchid. As

strong, brainless, disease-spreading minions of the Khotan, they make a fine infantry.

The Catacombs
As one begins to descend in the area of Brick City, it becomes very obvious where habitations ends. As the light ceases to filter down and the climate gets cooler, the dank smell of UnderTown begins to fill the air. The Catacombs begin about two hundred stories below what the citizens consider their sub-basements. There is little available light, and it's noticeably chilly no matter the time of year. Most of the tunnels resemble dungeons or sewers, albeit damp rather than wet. Bioluminescent molds and fungi can grow down here from time to time. It's important to note that this area is patrolled by Septic Trolls who see it as their territory. Various other monsters and beasts live down here as well. Rumors of vast hoards of old Municipal Treasury rooms and piles of gold collected by these creatures has led plenty of adventurers down here in search of gold and glory. Some even return. The best return considerably richer than they were when they left.

The Wasteyards
Below the catacombs are the Wasteyards, although they are misnamed. Not yards at all, the Wasteyards are a labyrinth of sewage tunnels that run for literally thousands of miles. These stinking, pitch-black tunnels often open into warehouse sized (and larger) treatment areas that contain some of the more truly hideous monsters of UnderTown. Since the area is entirely filled with water and muck, It's almost impossible to maneuver down here without a boat. Actually, since most of the areas are completely immersed, those few Ruffnex that are concerned with exploring the region (most of whom are a little loopy) have begged the Bangaz to come up with a vehicle that would be able to travel underwater and through silt, with a strong enough hide to resist whatever is down there. The results have not exactly been inspiring. Occasionally, inexplicable strong winds will kick up from out of nowhere and whip through the tunnels.

The Hives:
Less than ten people have gotten down this far and returned to tell the tale. According to the most recent survivor, the Ruffnek leader Lazlo Roarke, the region is unnaturally warm and the walls are covered with a spongy, bio-luminescent fungus that give off an eerie green glow. The air is very still, and so noxious that an unprotected human or Semihuman who breathes it would probably die in a matter of hours. This is where the Septic Trolls breed and keep their nests, and where other, stranger things reside beneath the city. Roarke claims to have followed some of the Trolls to a huge, town-sized chamber where thousands of them hooted and chanted to a strange

edifice that looked like it was made of bodies held together by the glowing fungus. He believes this building to be the Khotan's palace, although he never actually saw the beast itself. This unfortunately begs more questions than it answers.

SkyTown
After my experience in the Catacombs, I wanted to go as far from them as possible. This meant, of course, going up.
Brick City is tall. Impossibly tall. The tallest buildings in Brick City have spires far beyond the clouds, and a good percentage of them have not been touched since their creation. The oxygen up there is thin, and denser races, such as Dwarves and Orks, can't beathe very well. Glen Orchid found it's level somewhere in the middle of Brick City. In general, the Elves live a bit higher, and the dwarves a bit lower, but the rooftops tend to be avoided altogether.

1. The Rooftops
2. The Wire Network
3. The Balloons

Jean-Battiste Duvalier

Humans
Behavior: Humans tend to be creative, bold, and inventive- sometimes to a fault. They are more willing to try new things than any other semihum
Description: It's belived that the races of the Municipality came from several different locales to build the mighty city. Actually, this is believed of all the races, as there's just too much variation in things like skin color to account for all of these people being from just one climate. Somehow, after the Fall, humankind wound up at the top of the the ladder. There are many theories as to why this happened, but the most likely possibility is numbers- Humans are simply the majority in Brick City. Still, the differences among humans is wide and varied, and a great deal of schism occurs even within the human race based on class, percieved lineage and even skin color. Since humans lack the central unity of the Semihuman races, they are a somewhat fractious and violent group without a real sense of community, more like a group of close-knit tribes. Communities occur amongst color and class lines instead. Although this activity is indicative of the largest part of humanity, it is certainly not universal, and some humans move between color, class, and even racial lines without prejudice. an race, but are not very good at preparing for consequeses of their actions. As

a result of this, often they are not alone in paying for their mistakes. Still, they tend to be genial and engaging- not as coarse as dwarves, but not as stuffy as elves. This helps them avoid the serious emnity some feel they richly deserve.
Humans, more than any other race, are concerned with entertainment. Some attribute this to their short lifespan. (although Orks and Giants both tend to live even shorter lifespans) Humans, for the most part, are very concerned with the now, with what is tangible. They are not very spiritual creatures. They have many religions, but they tend to be practiced only by the minority of mankind. In general, Humans are generally considered dangerous and untrustworthy due to lack of foresight, but ultimately likeable.
Appearance: Humans average around six feet tall for males, five ten for females. They vary in color from almost alabaster white to a deep mohogany, and shades of yellow, pink, red, brown, and tan are not uncommon. Humans tend to favor their hair and wear it in all different styles, although long and straight is the custom UpTown while DownTown styles favor thick, dense knots of hair called dredlocks. Males tend to be more angular while females tend toward curves. Humans have rounded ears.
Modifiers: (0)

Elves
Description: Elves are deeply rooted in a millenia-old tradition and history that has somehow miraculously survived to this day. Indeed, Elves claim much of the design of Brick City was their own, although that they will concede that the actual building of the city was more likely the work of dwarves, giants, and other, more robust races. Within the city, Elves tend toward insular communities and prefer to see themselves as existing outside of the Brick City cultural body politic. As far as they are concerened, Elves exist above the squabbling UpTown and DownTown classes. They speak and write their own language, eat their own cuisine, and generallly enjoy a separate culture that only rarely accepts outsiders.
As far more deliberate and patient individuals, elves tend to act decisively albeit infrequently. The other races of Brick City believe Elves to have a sixth sense that they keep hidden because it often seems that Elves can communicate mentally, although this is not the case. Elves are simply very sensitive to body language and can send short messages to each other without saying a word.This is also conveyed in their arts, particulary dance. (Elven dancers of both the exotic and normal variety are highly sought-after Entertainers in Brick City.) Elves love the arts, although they seem to enjoy acting as muses and patrons more often than the artists themselves.

Elves tend to be quiet, wise, and long-lived. They value knowledge and have an affinity for magic. The majority of elves tend to dabble in magic of some form or another, and some of the oldest eleves are very powerful Wizards and Conjuremen.Of course, these tend to also be some of the most sequestered. Elves are a proud race steeped in tradition and history. They take theier heritage quite seriously, although it is a growing sentiment in their community that the purity of that heritage is being threatened.

Behavior: Elves tend to be wise, creative, and deliberate. They are also awfully pushy. An insular people, Elves' opinions of others often ranges from condecension to pure contempt. To earn the respect of an Elf, particularly an Elder, is quite a feat. Naturally, this sort of attitude doesn't go over well with other races, who don't like, for example, to be followed around when browsing the goods in an Elven shop.

Among their own kind, Elves have a vary strict adherence to custom and tradition. There is a very rigid structure and caste system that is apparent in all they do. This tradition is rich and varied, indicating the likelihood of many different kinds of Elves at some point in the past. Of course, the Elves remain tight-lipped about the possibility.

Elves are also the longest-lived of the races (barring the Mechamen, whom no one has seen die of natural causes yet) averaging to about five hundred years.

Appearance: Elves average around seven feet tall for males, six feet, five inches for females. They vary in color from almost alabaster white to a deep mohogany, and shades of yellow, pink, red, brown, and tan are not uncommon. Elves' hair can be almost any color of the rainbow, and they tend to wear it long and straight. Elves are generally slight and very skinny. Males tend to be more angular while females tend toward curves. Elves have long, pointed ears.

Modifiers: [6]

+1 MENTAL		<20>
+1 DEX	<5>	
Acute Hearing		<3>
Beautiful	<3>	
Acute Vision		<3>
Very Long Life	<3>	

-1 PHYSICAL MAX	<-6>
Distictive Features (Mild)	<-5>
Oppressed	<-10>

Orks

Tough and proud, the Orks of Brick City probably endure more misunderstanding than any other race. According to the legends, when the municipality first started to create Brick City, they were the first to accept orks as equals among the laborers. The promise of fair treatment spread far and wide, and the Orks, tired of acting as the scapegoats for any and all violence in the land, came from all over to be accepted and begin a new life in the city.

Of course, old feelings die hard, and anti-Ork sentiments followed the Orks into the city just the same. Even still, the sentiments weren't nearly so strong as they had been back in the rural areas, and most bigots learned to quickly swallow their words when they saw exactly how dedicated the Orks were.

Of course, this was hundreds of years ago.

Several aspects of Orkish culture have been adopted into the mainstream, from the pidgin English/Goblinese language they speak to their percussion-heavy dance music.The spicy, robust Orkish cuisine is very popular anywhere in Glen Orchid, and Orkish art (which tends to focus on cityscapes and religious themes) can be seen in many homes. Still, the Orks remain ostracized. Some say that the Ork's old reputation refused to die, some say that the Orks' hot-blooded nature was their undoing. Either way, Orks are condemned alongside the other Semihumans.

Orkish districts tend to be small and very communal, with such jobs as child-rearing, education, and even simple cleaning duties being shared by all members of the community. This, along with their separate language, bonds the Orks and creates a strong feeling of kinship among them. Orkish loyalty is most often primarily with their kin, and secondarily with whatever organizations and allegiances that they choose to make.

Behavior: Orks are a proud, handsome race.They share a common heritage and language that they keep strong and the common opinion of Orks is that they are a passionate, hot-blooded people, quick to fight or fall in love. This is usually true, and there are certainly as many Orkish warriors as Casanovas of either gender. The passionate nature of the Orks lends itself well to the arts. Orkish music is intrinsically danceable, and Orkish art readily betrays the emotions of it's creator.

Orks are celebrated and condemned for their hair-trigger tempers, although the trait is exaggerated, and there are certainly humans and semihumans alike that are as fickle as the Orks. For the most part, the Orks are a warm, hard-working people who have gotten a bum rap. Naturally, like the other Semihumans, they're angry about their situation.

Appearance: Orks average around six and a half feet tall for males, six feet for females. They vary in color from almost alabaster white to

a deep mohogany, and shades of yellow, pink, red, brown, green and tan are not uncommon. Orks have black hair that they tend to wear long and straight, or in dredlocks. They are generally stocky and muscular. Males tend to be more angular while females tend toward curves. Orks have pointed ears and a set of tusks in their lower jaw that curve out and never stop growing, and reach six inches on some elders. (the average is about an inch and a half for adults) These tusks are a point of pride with the Orks, who often decorate them or get them capped in gold.

Modifiers: [11]

+1 PHYSICAL <15>
+1 COMBAT <15>
Acute Smell <3>
Rapid Healing <3>
Handsome <3>

-1 MOVE MAX <-8>
Distictive Features (Major) <-10>
Opressed <-10>

Giants:

The Giant's tale is different than any others within Brick City. The Dwarves and Orcs came to avoid oppression. The Elves came to claim a tradition. The Mechamen just appeared. The Giants, however, came in chains.

The detail of how the Giants came to be slaves is lost to the ages, but the generally accepted belief is that the Giant tribes used to take slaves in time of war. An early citizen of the municipality took advantage of this, buying hundreds of slaves and marching them back to Brick City to toil their lives away building the massive edifice. In the hundreds of years since, Giants have become a part of Brick City as much as anyone else, but their racial identity has suffered. Even after their emanicipation after the Fall, they are simultaneously necessary to the city and yet rejected by it. Alcoholism and crime, even Giant-on-Giant crime, is quite common among the Giants. Despite the hundreds of years of pain and oppression, The Giants and their culture have thrived. It was the Giants who pioneered rap music in Brick City, and gave DownTown it's voice. It was the Giants who created the various fashions that became so ubiquitous DownTown. It was the Giants who started running in the groups that formed the templates for the modern gangs of the Glen Orchid Boyz. Of course, It was the Giants who caused the Urban Guard to start travelling in packs of six, but it's not the Giants' fault that any one of them can easily take down a two humans. They are, after all, Giants- a source of yet more fear and hate. Groups of humans still hunt down and lynch

Giants. Rumors persist that these groups are encouraged by the Urban Guard.
Giants are in a strange place mentally. They know that they alone built nintey percent of the city, but their thanks for this is apparently to be herded into ghettos and forgotten. The Giants are angry, and seek reparations for their labor and their pain. The Humans remain quiet on the issue.
Behavior: Make no mistake: Giants are angry. Sorrounded by and living in the very fruits of their forced labor, and yet shown no respect or even appreciation, the Giants have sound cause for their fury. Still, this is a face the Giants put on for the humans, and has a lot more to do with their current situation than their basic nature.
Giants are warm, familial, and highly artistsic. They tend to have fewer children than any other race and value them highly, within and outside of the family unit. Harming a child is unheard-of among Giants, and any adult who does harm a Giant child is not long for this world. Among their own kind, respect is very important to Giants. Giants have died for looking at each other wrong. Still, despite their reputation and the greater numbers of some of the other races, Giant art and culture does have a strong influence DownTown.
Appearance: Giants average around twelve feet tall for males, eleven for females. They vary in color from almost alabaster white to a deep mohogany, and shades of yellow, pink, red, brown, and tan are not uncommon. Giants' hair can be brown, black, or white. Giants have two fully developed arms on each shoulder, giving them a grand total of four. Males tend to be more angular while females tend toward curves. Giants have pointed ears.
Modifiers:

+3 PHYSICAL	<45>	
+1 COMBAT		<15>
Acute Smell		<3>
Huge Size	<3>	
Physically Gifted	<3>	
Extra Limbs (arms)		<3>
-1 MOVE MAX		<-8>
Distictive Features (Total)		<-30>
Opressed		<-20>

Dwarves:
The deeply religious Dwarves were not a fixture of Brick City until somewhat more recently, as the slow-spreading metropolis was edging out the last of the other areas in the region. The Empire of the North, for example, is long since gone, but the echoes of it's passing remain top this day. According to Dwarven legend, the humans there

used to live in relative harmony with the Dwarves, and all was prosperous for a time. Somehow, though, the economy crashed, and the work- and the money that came with it- dried up. As thing reached a nadir, a tyrant came to power who turned everyone against the Dwarves. Things got ugly. Dwarves were forced to wear special clothes and quickly dropped to the status of second-class citizens. Soon they started disappearing- a few at first, but themn larger and larger numbers. Nightmarish stories of brutal mining camps arose. Those Dwarves who were still alive made a desparate bid for freedom behind the gates of Brick City.

The details of the Empire War are lost to the ages, but apparently, the Urban Guard eventually got involved, and The Northern Empire was annexed. It's now lost amidst the spawling corridors and endless streets, but it's legacy- the Dwarves- are alive and well in Glen Orchid.

Dwarves are a solemn people, broodingly religious and with an abiding sense of tradition that makes even the Elves seem brash. The only monotheistic peoples in Brick City, the Dwaven God, Yhwh, is often seen as an outdated concept. Still, the Yhwh Religion is very alive among the Dwarves, who celebrate it by obeserving their ancient traditions of fasting, feasting, and tinkering. (Dwarven food, by the way, is rarely any good, although when it is, it is excellent. There's not a wide margin for error.) The celebrated Dwarven gift for mechanical engineering is not exagerrated, and several of the clockwork marvels the Dwarves have built keep the city moving to this day.

Behavior: Dwarves are usually quite solemn and dour. Their heritage is long and painful, and they sometimes find it hard to cheer up. Still, when Dwarves really let themselves go, they can drink even Giants under the table, and match them snap-for-snap in the dozens.

The Religion of Yhwh is all-important to the dwarves, who are strained by the schism between orthodox and unorthodox believers. Orthodox followers of Yhwh are rarely seen without their robes and hats, and will only settle in certain parts of the city, only eat certain foods, and only wear their ceremonial robes and hats. The Unorthodox Yhwh aren't so constrained by their religion, although they might hold to some of the costoms of the Orthodox Yhwh, such as only settling in Dwarven districts or only eating Dwarven food.

The Dwarven gift for mechanics is an extension of the natural Dwarven head for numbers. The best mathemticians in Brick City are Dwarves. Hence, as well as engineers, Dwarves make good merchants, bankers, and scientists. Dwarves take to these professions with a nearly-religious Zeal. In fact, numbers are very important to the Yhwh religion.

Appearance: Dwarves average around three feet tall for males, two and a half for females. They vary in color from almost alabaster white to a deep mohogany, and shades of yellow, pink, red, brown, and tan are not uncommon. Dwarves' hair can be brown, black, or white, and

the males will tend to have well-trimmed, carefully manicured beards. Males tend to be more angular while females tend toward curves. Dwarves have pointed ears.

Modifiers:

+1 PHYSICAL <+15>
+1 TECH <+15>
+1 CON <+5>
Head For Numbers <3>
Craftsmen <3>

-1 DEX MAX <-2>
Distictive Features (Total) <-10>
Oppressed <-10>

Mechamen:

Easily the strangest of all the Brick City races, Mechamen ('Mek for short) only appeared one hundred and fifty years ago. An entirely chrome woman named Kay 01 was found working on the outskirts of Glen Orchid. She was brought before the Warlord, who decided to keep her on as a palace attraction. The Scribes tried to learn about her, but she couldn't seem to remember anything outside of her name, number, and that her job was to maintain the stretch of road where she had been found. Soon enough, other 'Mek started to appear in sequential order, sometimes appearing as Giants or Elves or any other race. The most recent recorded 'Mek was Calvin 7648, so it's safe to assume the 'Mek will just keep coming.

No one knows much else about them. Dozens of Ruffnex have gone out to hunt down the factory that created them, and none have returned with any conclusive answers. They all seem to be "Amnesiac" to some degree, unable to explain where they came from. They all remember their name, number, and some task they must attend to on a daily basis, most often having to do with maintainance of some reasonable-sized section of the city. Mechamen are machines, there's no question of that, but they are probably at least partially magical. It's obvious that they are very much sentient creatures with a full range of emotion, despite the fact that they bleed gears and springs so small as to resemble silver dust.(and inexplicably heal as mortals do.) Mechamen are not Golems, but machines run by clockwork - there is no "power cell" that keeps a 'Mek going, although they do have a key, usually located in their hips or backs, that occasionally has to be turned to keep their springs wound. 'Mek find this as pleasurable as eating. They are, by the way, completely anatomically correct and fully functional (albeit a bit cold), although they cannot create children. The metal that they are made of is a strange substance- it bends easily but does not break, never rusts, and always maintains a lustrous sheen. It has even been described as

“soft” although it is still, very much, metal. For a short time there was a minor black market in this metal, but this ended when a few ‘Mek vigilantes where brought up on charges for having made jewelry out of flesh. It was, quite literally, a case of an eye for an eye.
Behavior: Mechamen are a strange lot. They seem to be as genuinely baffled by their own existence as anyone else, and they act like fairly normal members of the race they represent outside of their strange compulsion to do their chores for the city. Theories abound as to who created the ‘Mek and why, although there have been no solid answers. The ‘Mek have learned to blend into the city, and having been rejected by their “representational” races, created a community of their own. ‘Mek districts are often rather sparse and utilitarian, but to the hardworking machine-people, they are home.
Appearance: Oddly, the ‘Mek resemble nothing so much as clockwork chrome versions of members of any of the other races.
Modifiers:

+2 TECH	<+30>
+2 CON	<+10>
Head For Numbers	<3>
Absolute Time Sense	<3>
Resist Temperatures	<3>
Damage Deflector	<9>

-1 PRE MAX	<-5>
Distictive Features (Total)	<-20>
Oppressed	<-10>
Compulsion	<-10>

The Gangs of the HOOD SYNDICATE

Ruff Dawg
BANGAZ
“Hit em’ wit the bang
Let em’ feel the bang
Take ‘em in the back yard outside
Leave ‘em in the rain”
Mystikaal, “Is they Widin wit us & Gettin Rowdy wit us?”

History: The Bangaz were founded later in the Days of Chaos. While dozens of Gangs battled for supremacy, The Lower South Side Hedbangaz’ leader, L Nino, was out wilding with his boyz and came across a dwarven kid they had been hassling for months. The dwarf was in no mood for such horseplay that day, and baked three of L Nino’s boys with a lightning gun.

Rather than killing him, L Nino hired him. The Hedbangaz were suffering loss of turf to the Fifth Street Steady Dusters. L had the Dwarven boy construct weapons day in and day out, and outfitted with the bizarre devices, The Hedbangaz routed the Dusters. This continued for a few years until the boy, a then-young Dwarf named Abraham, realized that L Nino had no ambition or drive. He rigged Nino's next weapon to explode. Following Nino's death, he took over the gang and renamed it the Heat Bangaz, which was shortened to "Bangaz."

Abraham recruited as many tinkerers as he could, and at the time, the various machine enthusiasts were not necessarly the most physically adept of Glen Orchid's citizens. Most jumped at the chance to join a gang rather than be terrorized by them. To this day, Abraham, afectionately titled A-Dogg by his underlings, remains leader of the Gang.

Description: Bangaz are probably, despite their name, the least violent of the gangs. "Let em feel the Bang" is in fact a musical reference- The Bangaz poineered The Scratch Table with the Icemen. Several Bangaz build musical instuments and similar devices, leaving the wepon creation to their more militaristic members. Still, the Bangaz have plenty of resources with which to defend themselves. Bangaz are shrewd businessmen, and there is a considerable market for their technological marvels. The Bangaz' devices don't require Magic to use, making their market considerably wider. Still, the Bangaz aren't stupid- the know to keep the best toys for themselves.

Appearance: Bangaz favor baggy clothes with lots of pockets. The try to carry as many devices as they can. They also like hats, and many wear goggles over their hats. The higher-status Bangaz wear goggles that actually DO something. Bangaz also like large, metallic gloves and boots with plenty of hidden comppartments.

Leader: Abraham "A-Dogg"of Dwarven Clan Clangabang

Colors: Yellow and Rust Red

Initation: In order to get into the Bangaz, a young hopeful is placed in a dangerous situation with a few simple devices and is expected to make whatever they made need to survive. For example, a potential Banga might be left in UnderTown with a pair of razor blades, a box of rubber bands, a series of three different lengths of piping, some sticky gum, and a 1x1 foot scrap of canvas. If she comes back, she's in. If she comes back with something to contribute to the gang's vaults, she may be due for an immediate promotion.

Advantage: Every member of the Bangaz starts the game with Three Devices, as well as Engineering, Jury Rig, and Manufacture.

HOODLUMZ

"Gimme some more!

Even though we makin’ money you could…
Gimme some more!
Wit da cars and the big crib…
Gimme some more!”
Busta Rhymes, “Gimme Some More”

History: The Hoodlumz have always existed in some capacity and trace their orgins to the Minicipality’s monolithic Society for the Re-Assignment of Wealth and Property: in other words, The Thieves Guild. The Current incarnation of the Hoodlums owes a great deal of it’s look and feel to Calvin “Don Gato” Decker, a legendary thief from Battalion Downs. Decker was raised in a life of wealth and privelige, but a group of the The UndaBoss’s lackeys had his parents killed as a warning to their company for refusing to share thier profits with him. Penniless, Don Gato decided that he would take his fortune from the ones who got his parents killed. He was absolutely legendary, and his ability to disappear, get in, get out and get top dollar for what he had lifted from his victims was matched only by his ability to live well. Don Gato was always in the best- he rode in a mohogany carriage with gold trim, carried a pure platinum rapier, was only seen with the most beautiful women, and rumor holds that his even his lockpicks were made with gemstones and precious metals. His opulent way of life inspired an cult of imitators, and it soon came around that the elderly Lizard Mick relinquished his throne and passed the Hoodlumz on to Don Gato. To celebrate, Don Gato stole The UndaBoss’s trademark black bowler hat and wore it to a charity function at which he contributed a tremendous amount of gold to King Ganelon’s war on the UndaBoss. This insult was too much, and the next day, Don Gato was dead.

Description:
Appearance:
Leader:
Colors:
Initation:
Advantage:

ICEMEN
“I came to bring the pain, Hardcore from the brain

Must go inside my Astral Plane- Find out my mental
Based on Instrumental
Records Hey! So I can write monumental methods…”
- Method Man “Bring the Pain”

ROUGHNEX

“Comin’ straight form the sewer
I biggity-be’s the rough-slang slinger
Zinger, King look at me swingin’ like a swinger…”
- Das EFX, “Stright from the Sewer”

THUGZ
“Capture tha Rapture!
The Black disaster!
I swear I’m gonna raise hell and make the white man call me master!”
-ONYX featuring Biohazard, “Judgement Night”